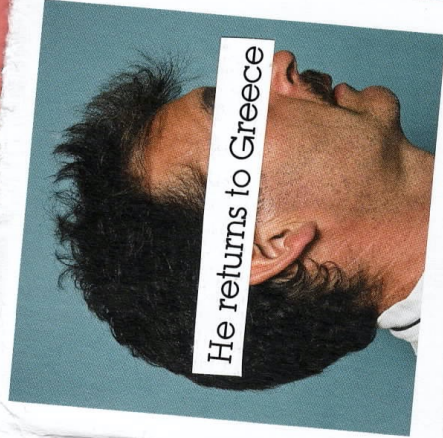
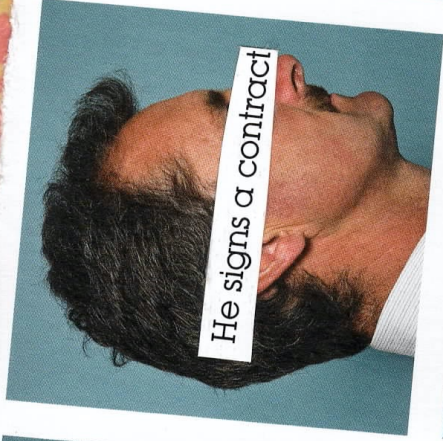


KR
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He returns to Greece



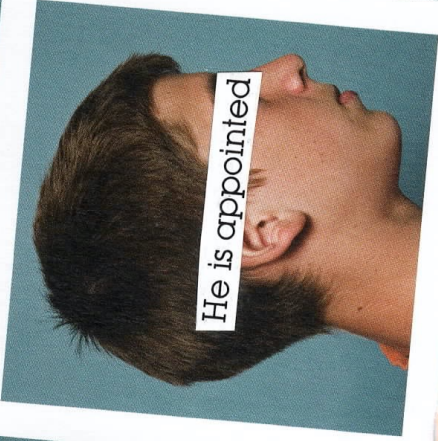
He signs a contract



He goes to Brussels



He obtains his diploma



He is appointed



He is invited

WHAT IS ART?

KROTCH

AQUILA IS A FUNNY, SUPER-CLEVER AND BEAUTIFULLY
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR SMART CHILDREN OF 8-13 YEARS

**OBJECT:PARADISE IS THE INDUCTIVE SEDUCTION
OF THE OBJECTIVE MOMENT**

**USE THE LANGUAGE THAT THE PERFORMER AND
AUDIENCE CREATE IN THAT MOMENT / CONTEXT IS
COTEXT / MEDIATE THE THOUGHT AND THE BEAT /
EVERYTHING IS PART OF THE PERFORMANCE / THE
AUDIENCE IS THE POET / DETHRONE, THEN DEMOTE
THE POET WHO CAME KNOWING / ELIMINATE THE EGO /
DEPLATFORM THE STAGE / ORCHESTRATE THE CHAOS /
LANGUAGE EXISTS ONLY IN A SINGLE MOMENT, THAT
MOMENT / DOWN WITH DENOTATION / INTERACT THE
REACTION / CELEBRATE THE PARTY THAT LANGUAGE
IS / THE BEST WORDS IN THE BEST ORDER DOES NOT
EXIST / LET ALL PLANS GO WRONG / DEMONETIZE
LANGUAGE / DEDOOM THE WRONG NOTES / EMBRACE
MISCOMMUNICATION / PROMOTE THE CONTEXT FOR
THE SUBJECTIVE WORLD TO BE EXPERIENCED IN THE
O B J E C T I V E M O M E N T**



OBJECT:PARADISE

Look at this
guy who obviously

. just wet his
swim shorts and

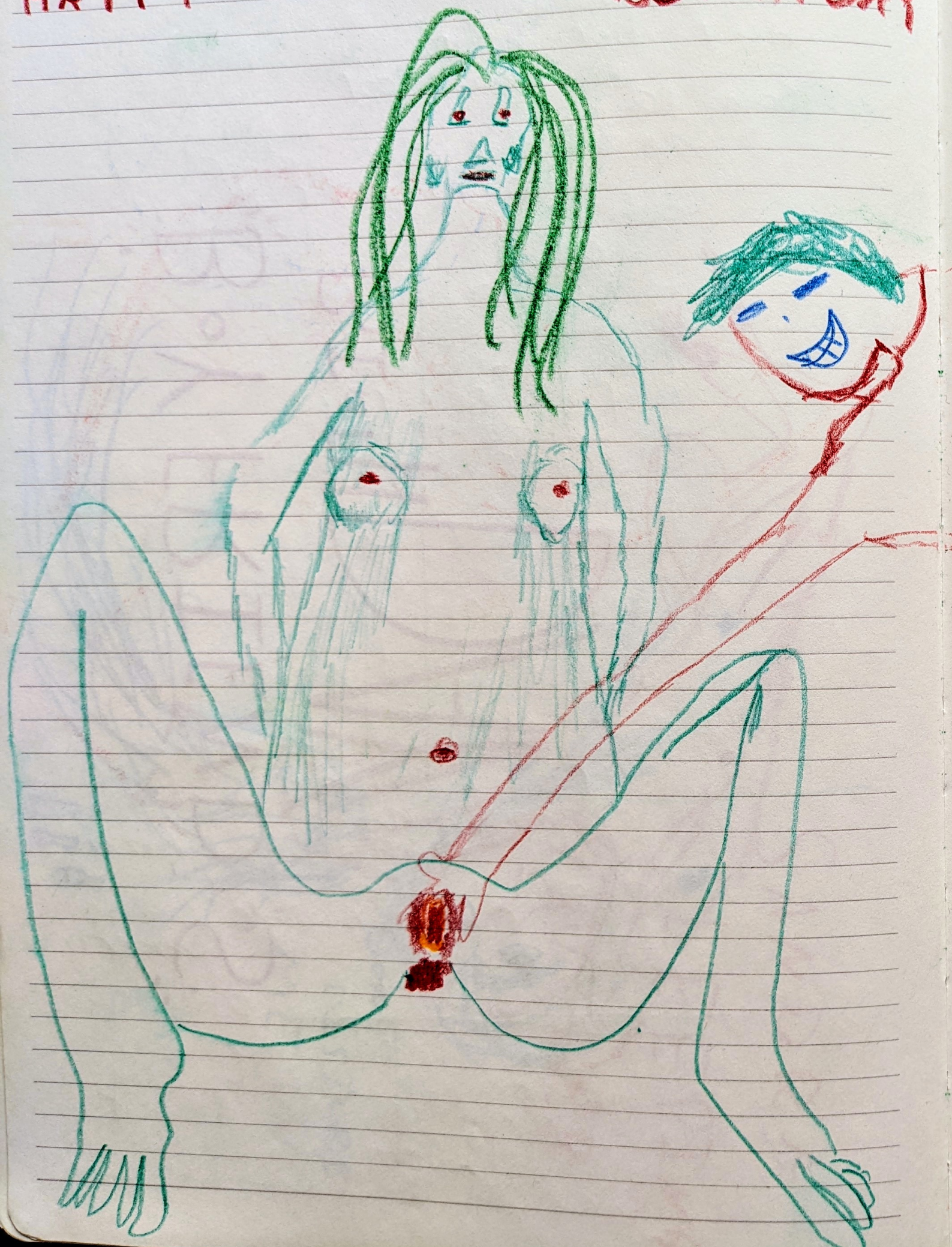


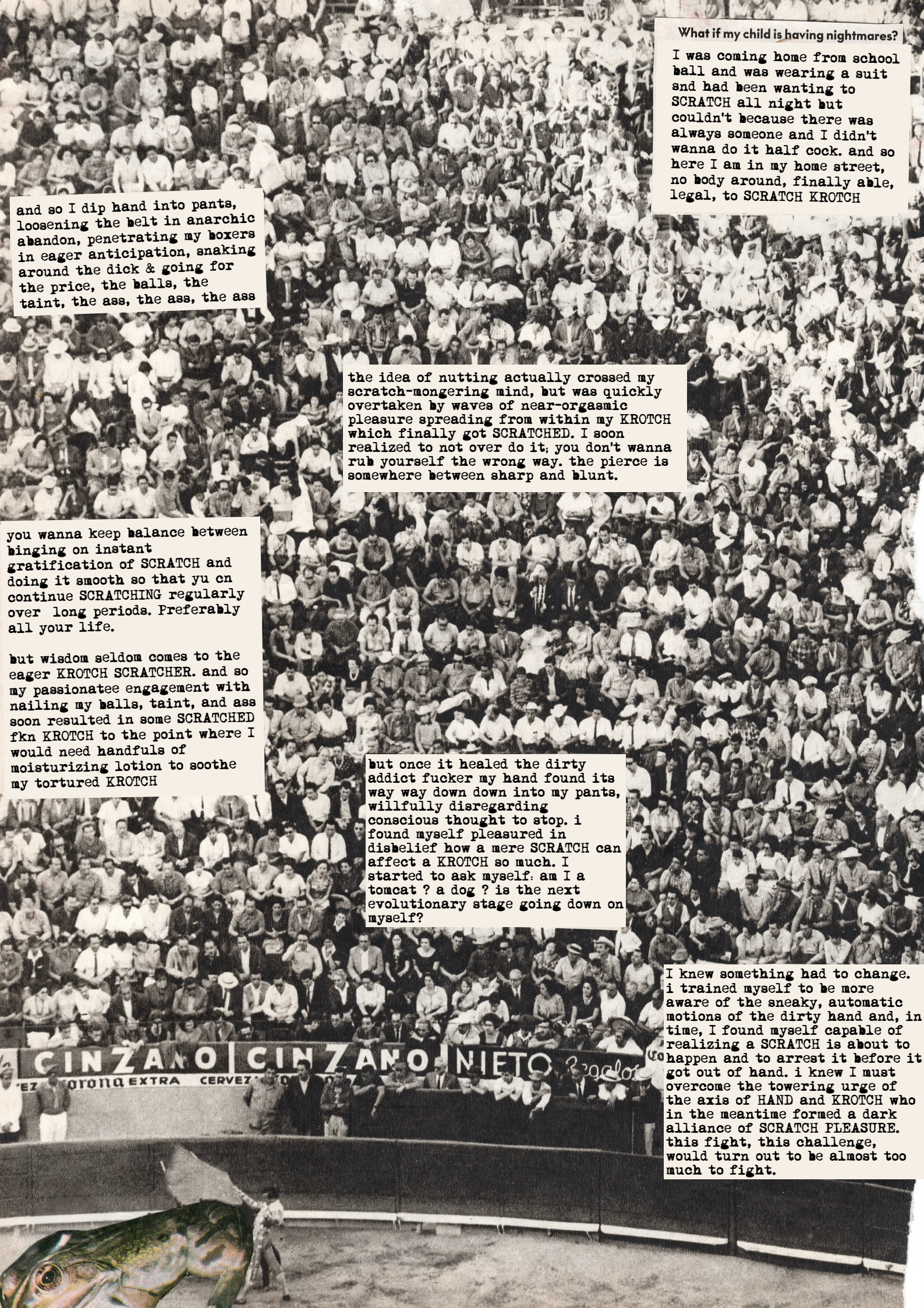
is now knee deep
in his own

peepee what a
fucking poet

HAPPY

BIRTHDAY





and so I dip hand into pants, loosening the belt in anarchic abandon, penetrating my boxers in eager anticipation, snaking around the dick & going for the price, the balls, the taint, the ass, the ass, the ass

What if my child is having nightmares?

I was coming home from school ball and was wearing a suit and had been wanting to SCRATCH all night but couldn't because there was always someone and I didn't wanna do it half cock. and so here I am in my home street, no body around, finally able, legal, to SCRATCH KROTCH

the idea of nutting actually crossed my scratch-mongering mind, but was quickly overtaken by waves of near-orgasmic pleasure spreading from within my KROTCH which finally got SCRATCHED. I soon realized to not over do it; you don't wanna rub yourself the wrong way. the pierce is somewhere between sharp and blunt.

you wanna keep balance between binging on instant gratification of SCRATCH and doing it smooth so that yu cn continue SCRATCHING regularly over long periods. Preferably all your life.

but wisdom seldom comes to the eager KROTCH SCRATCHER. and so my passionate engagement with nailing my balls, taint, and ass soon resulted in some SCRATCHED fkn KROTCH to the point where I would need handfuls of moisturizing lotion to soothe my tortured KROTCH

but once it healed the dirty addict fucker my hand found its way way down down into my pants, willfully disregarding conscious thought to stop. i found myself pleased in disbelief how a mere SCRATCH can affect a KROTCH so much. I started to ask myself: am I a tomcat ? a dog ? is the next evolutionary stage going down on myself?

I knew something had to change. i trained myself to be more aware of the sneaky, automatic motions of the dirty hand and, in time, I found myself capable of realizing a SCRATCH is about to happen and to arrest it before it got out of hand. i knew I must overcome the towering urge of the axis of HAND and KROTCH who in the meantime formed a dark alliance of SCRATCH PLEASURE. this fight, this challenge, would turn out to be almost too much to fight.

CINZANO CINZANO NIETO



Playing chess with death

Her dead consciousness is perceiving something

What is she looking at

who is the guide

Who sucked god's balls

Thru ages

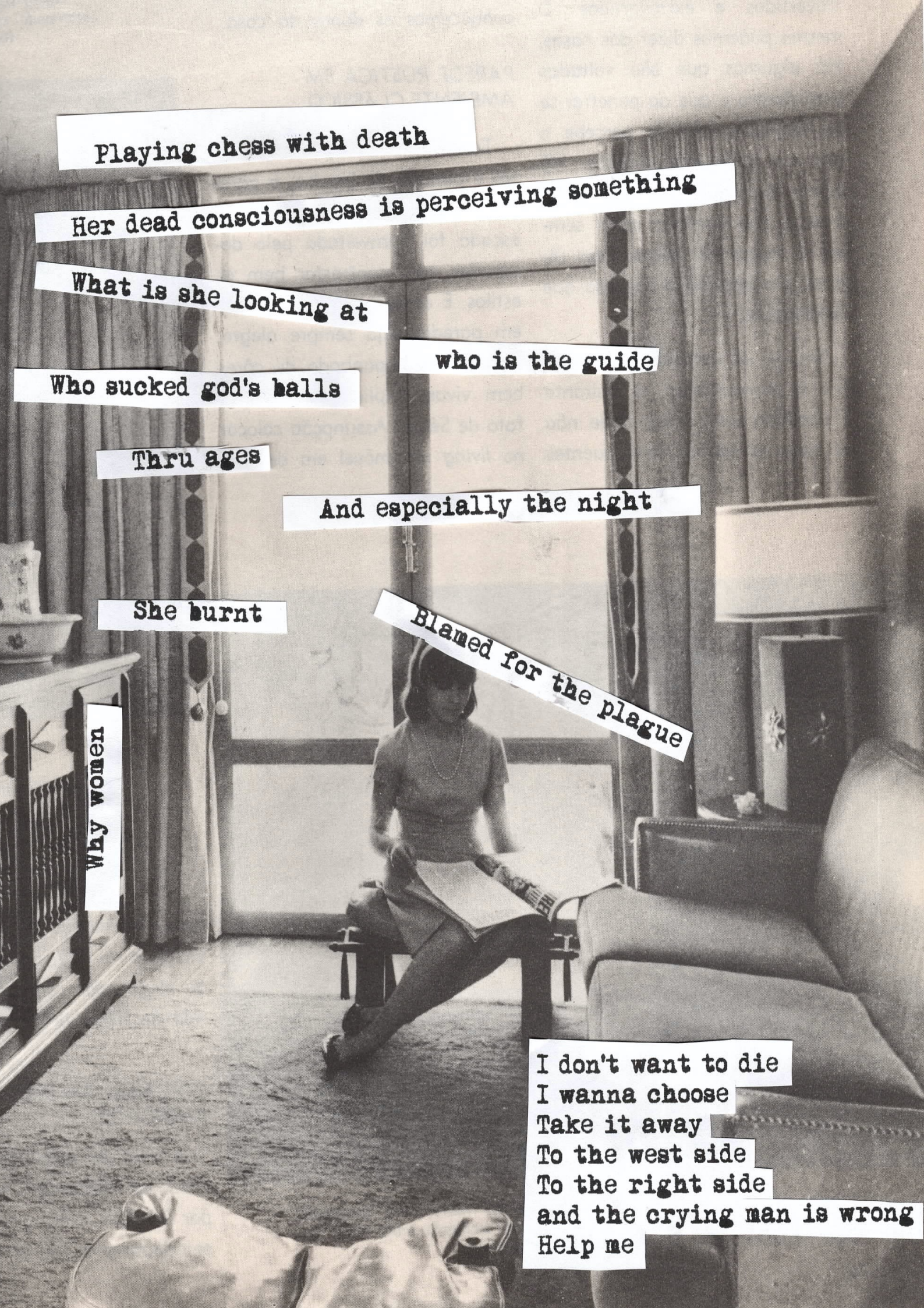
And especially the night

She burnt

Blamed for the plague

Why women

I don't want to die
I wanna choose
Take it away
To the west side
To the right side
and the crying man is wrong
Help me



A 26x26 grid of handwritten letters, arranged in rows and columns. The letters are mostly in uppercase, with some lowercase letters visible. The grid is filled with letters, and several letters are circled, indicating a specific pattern or cipher. The letters are arranged in a way that suggests a complex relationship between them, possibly a substitution or a transposition cipher. The grid is divided into sections by lines, and some letters are circled, suggesting a specific pattern or cipher.

When did yu stop going to poetry readings ? Why do they make yu feel uncomfortable ? When did they become so dry, reserved--boring ? Who's this fucking guy up there ?

The main street turtle neck rehearsed verse who cradles iPhone in hand before attentive mic has become convention that caters to an audience who speak the same language and wants to experience the world the same way. When did celebrations of language become so academic, inaccessible--boring ? (AND) I'm not bagging on merlot nor (even) dictionary readers (YET), but rather the convention of all of it together to create this "poetry reading". We all speak language--when did we become so afraid to miscommunicate ? (AND) celebrate new use of language ! ? Let's learn each other's language !

I was once (almost) persuaded at a "poetry reading" that we all see the world the same way and thus understand the language to describe it that way (in that way) but language--like identity--isn't a melting pot, but a salad bowl with some older carrots at the bottom and avocados on the top. Poetry then, is when the carrots, the avocados, and the slaw are portioned out and arranged differently on each of our plates. ??? But not everyone likes salad ??? and some like avocados more than carrots. If there's more avocados than carrots, is it still a poem? Who gets to decide that ? Your tastebuds or mine ???

What kind of language are we promoting, publishing--or even recognizing as poetry ? Whose culture ? Whose language ? Whose arrangement of avocado, carrot, and slaw ?????

The poetry reading dictates that a poem dictates that the audience recognizes the Genre dictates shared understanding of we ever be so sure that the salad will be plate? Let's ease the tensions and let the want to--ya' dig ?

is being shared. A poem being shared the arrangement of language as poetic. convention and the breaking of it . Can we read the same way we put it on the audience play with their food how they

Let's make up language again like kids, let's heed on the poetics of inside jokes, let's listen to the poetry at the check stand, celebrate mistakes in grammar and observe the effects of the omission of the Oxford together. Maybe then when the poetry reading isn't labelled as one we'll start seeing it all around us, making faces at us in the bunches of the pees at the corner of the plate we forgot about

I can work with an impulse
Lost and found in a stare
For a second
Equal to a hundred heartbeats

A little joke
To the self
From the self
With love
From a thursday Bristol night

A chance for everything
Is a roundabout nowhere

An engine with no oil
A driver neglecting
A happening under the hood
Paradoxical but functional

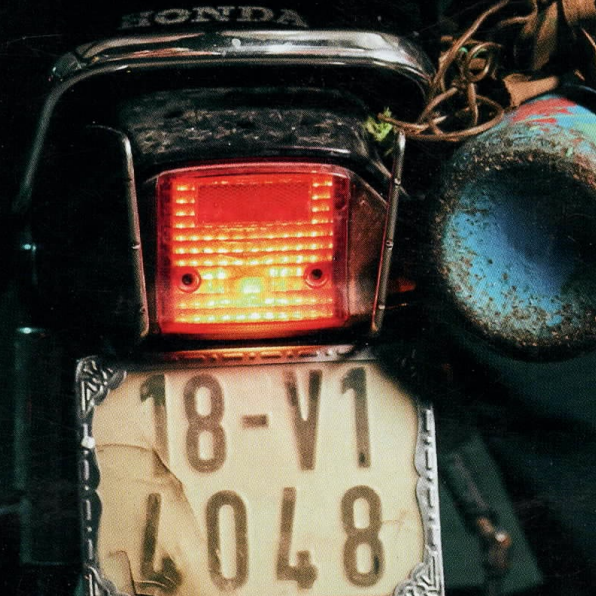
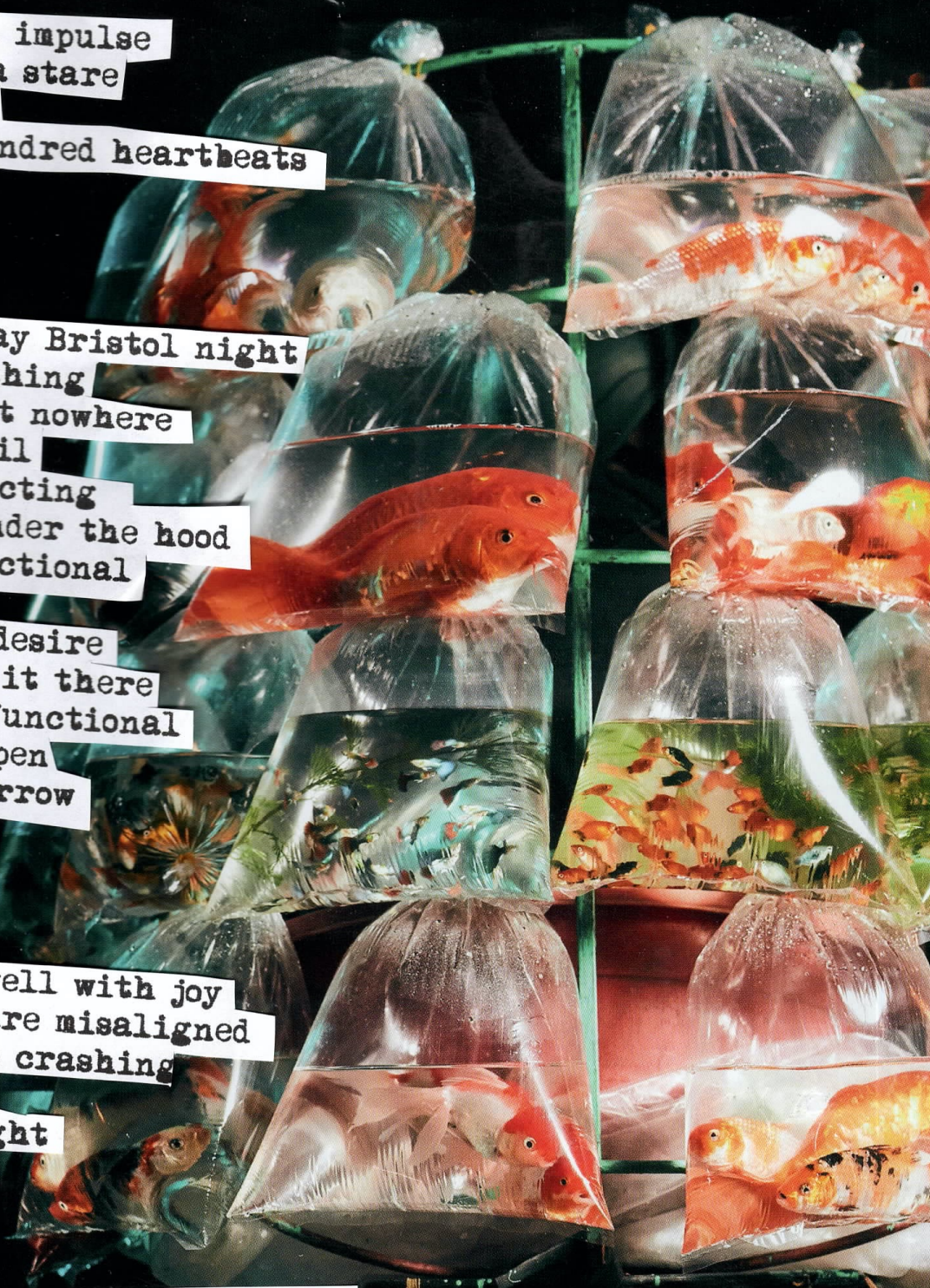
A wall with a road
Imposed by the desire
Of not wanting it there
Paradoxical and dysfunctional

A hoodie and a pen
A beer and a burrow
Ye olde habit
Ya old rabbit

Bare your teeth
Scuttle away

Self loathing mixes well with joy
When the stars are misaligned
When chaos comes crashing
Thrashing
Buzzing with night

PING UND PONG



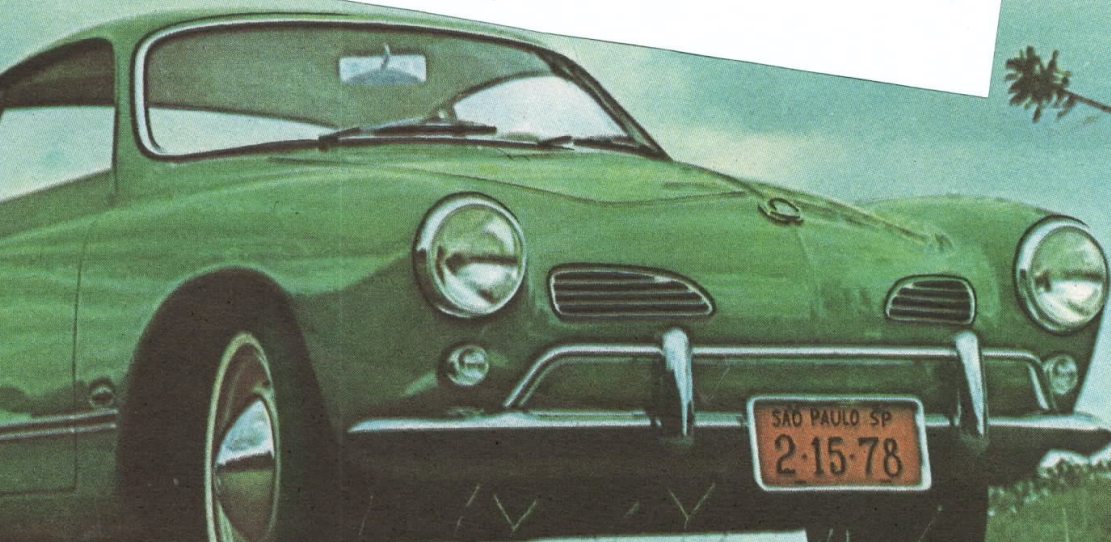
Why does everything matter most after realizing it matters not?
Paradoxical but functional
A tear drops to moisten a thirsty tongue
Sweet salt

A damned god time
Psychoaffective counterfactive acid baths
Colorful pain paintings
And a fully upholstered living room
Cunt



Why here
Why now
Why this how
Cunt
Where are you
I miss you
Cunt
I don't need you

I do fool
Hope to jump into the pool
Bang my teeth against a stool
Cool rules
I do the fool

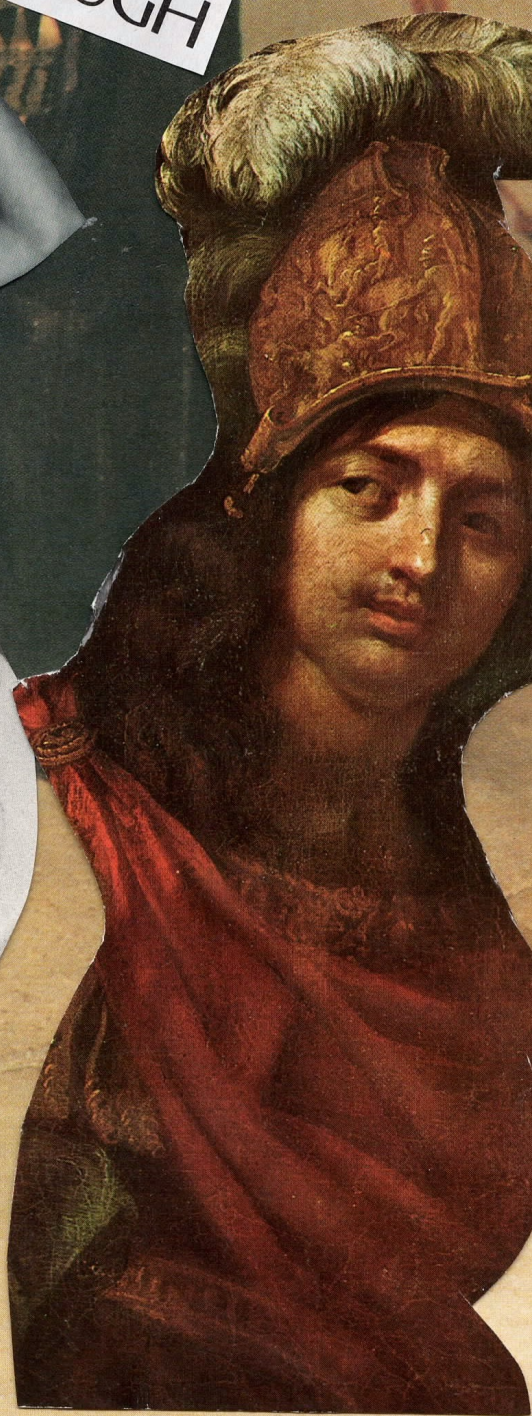


Cunt
Cruel fool fuel
A pity party comes about like the wind
After the heatwave
Refreshingly common

CHAOS

BURN

PO
THE TRIGGER
ROUGH



PRINCÍPIOS DE ESTÉTICA



Divo's Art House Begins Antonymious Digestion

(BEJÁ, PORTUGAL) This month Mark Divo celebrated the 10th annual Cabariet Votaire Dada Festival in Bejá Portugal. The event churned out tens of locals from other countries, but the final performance was from the space itself when it began to autonomously digest the furniture and art inside the villa.

Although the performances and happenings occurred in the central Portuguese town, the event was live-streamed and projected in Zurich for art-goers to see what they were missing out on.

It was on the fifth day of the festival when the villa's walls began to grumble and show signs of boredom. Local resident João was hardly surprised, "I don't blame the house, it looks like people are just running around and screaming—this is supposed to be art?"

At the end of the festival, several poets and paintings were missing. Investigators remain on the scene, searching the catacombs of the villa for digested art to resell to the Swiss Government.

Poet Forgets Words During Improv Performance

(NOVE MESTO) On Saturday a visiting poet from Bratislava forgot the words to his improvised poetry performance, causing the poet to improvise.

The performance started off strong by appearing unscripted and dynamic, but Božkov was reported to be found on the poet after the performance which reportedly caused a little bit of orange vomit on his penny loafers.

The reading ended with the poet creating new words and perspectives towards poetics. The performance was received well among some audience members visiting from Prague-3, though it was "a bit too forced."



Local Woman Attends Interviews to Boost Confidence

(VINOHRADY) The local woman who asked to remain anonymous confessed to our hotline operators last week that she regularly attends interviews because it makes her feel better about herself—especially when rejecting their offers.

"When anyone calls you and tells you how amazing you are, it's rewarding. I just happened to schedule these calls myself".

The majority of the interviews were for positions dealing with art production and curation.

"These men just don't know what they're doing—it's easy. Anyone can do it".



**Váš zodpovědný přístup
pomáhá ke zlepšení čistoty
a životního prostředí.
DĚKUJEME**



KROTCH KLA SSIFIEDS

EMAIL FOR GOODS : KROTCH@OBJECTPARADISE.COM



300 Kč

--

Vintage large green aryan wool flat cap. used no lice. suitable for medium sized heads .



500Kč

--

O.P V/II 45 vinyl record. Recorded over Covid w/ 25+ Prague-based musicians / writers . Good birthday present & zizkov artifact



200Kč

Vintage aux plug-in wired mic. perfect for vintage vocals. no phantom power required. (imported)



500Kč

--

blonde long wig. worn only briefly in 2019 / 2020. perfect for a good time. (Fictitious sculpture not included) .



80Kč

--

KROTCH Issue 2 (heavily used). Limited edition.



500Kč

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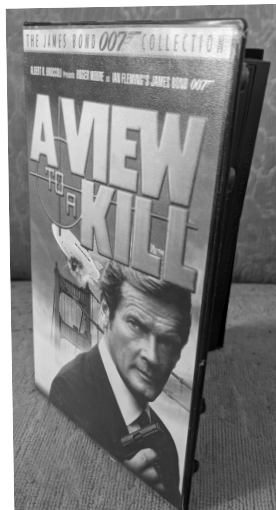
Sony MINI-DV Handycam--functional! Charger included, but needs new battery.



150Kč

--

Lightbulb on a cord? Lightbulb and cord included.



50Kč

--

Jame Bond's A VIEW TO A KILL (VHS).



100Kč

--

Vintage red leather planner / notebook keeper / purse. w/ cute brass lock .

MISSED KONNECTIONS

M4M - [Looking for someone specific here , Andel] . Wondering if you've had the fried chicken or BBQ n vinegar or perhaps another cold brew and snickerdoodle Salt & Straw or started watching Superstore yet. Hoping you would send me a line again but I understand if this will not be possible. Just want to say that I miss you and wish you the best. Te lo juro solo pienso en ti...

M4F - [Sorry about that , Prague] It's been several years now. When we first started dating I made a crack about your belief in crystal healing. I'm sorry about that. Not because crystal healing is legit. It's total crap. But, because it was important to you. And my dig hurt you. And I never meant it to. I think that was the beginning of the end for us. Despite all the other great stuff, I think that doomed us. Sounds like you're happy now. New house. New town. New partner. Wish you the best. Maybe we'll cross paths again someday and can grab a coffee and catch up. Best to you.

F4F - [Pink Dress , IP Pavlova] I saw your on the 22 today! We both got on at Ujezd heading south and both stopped at IP Pavlova. I wanted to say hi but I was listening to a work call. Just want to say hello and you are gorgeous. Hope to see you again

F4FM - [Behind you at hospital , Motol] You looked at us waiting behind you a couple of times and gave us a nod as you left. Sorry if I seemed distant, I'm pretty nervous while I'm working. Maybe you saw me checking you out, I saw you bend over the counter a couple of times. Tell me what you remember, if this is a missed connection

F4M - [we work together , Smíchov] S, you are beautiful, smart, sexy. You have the most beautiful smile and contagious laugh. We work together downtown Smíchov, we both are uniform employees. I don't know how to tell you how sexy you are. You changed your hair color to reddish. fire! lit! I thought you dating another uniform employee. I asked around come to find out I am wrong.
you're initials are S.S.

F4F - [Gorgeous woman in a black dress , Petřín] Sitting in the sun on the deck of a restaurant. We talked all night... I wanted you to tell me to delete my dating apps right then and there. I still do.

MF4M - [We were shy too , Zizkov] Hey your smile was incredible. We wanted to invite you over but we were shy. If your still interested in us please reach out.

WRITE TO us - KROTCH@OBJECT
PARADISE.COM

AND Submit yr missed konnection



KR
OT
CH

